

FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC

EDMOND O'BRIEN DEAN JAGGER FORREST TUCKER HARRY CAREY JR.

WARPATH

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY
BYRON HASKIN

STORY AND SCREEN PLAY BY
FRANK GRUBER

PRODUCED BY
NAT HOLT

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

OCT.
10¢
NO. 12





PARAMOUNT
presents

EDMOND O'BRIEN
DEAN JAGGER

FORREST TUCKER
HARRY CAREY, JR.

in

WAR PATH

with

Polly Bergen James Millican Wallace Ford

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Directed by Byron Haskin

Story and Screenplay by Frank Gruber Produced by Nat Holt

★ ★ ★

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Vickers	EDMOND O'BRIEN	Major Nelson	CHARLIE BAYTON
Sam Quade	DEAN JAGGER	Major Campbell	BOB REAY
Egt. O'Hara	FORREST TUCKER	Kelia	DOUGLAS SPENCER
Captain Gregory	HARRY CAREY, JR.	Old Timer	JANET BURKE
Molly Quade	POLLY BERGEN	Chief	JOHN TOWNSHIP
General Carter	JAMES MILLICAN	Sub-Chief	JOHN HANFORD
Private Potts	WALLACE FORD	1st Sergeant	MONTE BLUE
Private Ford	PAUL PIER	Bandol	FRANK FERGUSON
Harb Woodson	JOHN JEAN HETTY	Bartender	CLIFF CLARK
Corp. Stockbridge	PAUL IRIS	Swam	PAUL BURN
Egt. Parker	WALTER RABBIT	Courier	CHARLES STEVENS
	Egt. Plamont		JOHN HART



WARPATH

THE SMOKE OF A HUNDRED SIGNAL FIRES, DRIFTED MENACINGLY ON THE HORIZON, AND THE BLACK HILLS ECHOED THE GRIM WAR-CRY OF THE SIOUX AS THEY GATHERED TO MEET THE FIERY GENERAL CUSTER.

A THOUSAND MEN TREMBLED FOR THEIR FATE THAT DAY, YET JOHN VICKERS FELT ONLY THE JOY OF HIS APPROACHING REVENGE. FOR FATE HAD LED HIM TO THE KILLERS FOR WHOM HE'D HUNTED SO LONG, AND

NOW HE WOULD HAVE HIS FILL OF RETRIBUTION, THOUGH DEATH ITSELF WAS CHARGING DOWN THE **WARPATH!**



EARLY ONE MORNING, IN A SMALL KANSAS TOWN, A LEAN, SUN-TANNED RIDER DISMOUNTS.

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER TOWN. I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS SEARCH WILL EVER COME TO AN END.



SUDDENLY...

MISTER, MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING A GUN.

NEXT TIME I SEE YOU!

WOODSON! HERB WOODSON!



AT THE TRIUMPHANT SOUND OF THAT VOICE, THE ARMED MAN LOOKS UP!

YOU! YOU'RE JOHN VICKERS. THE MAN THAT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME.

FOR EIGHT LONG YEARS, WOODSON. I SWORE I'D GET YOU.



NO, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE, BUT WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE. YOU KILLED HELEN ALDERTON — YOU AND MORRISON AND BLIGH.

N-NO. W-WAIT!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR WOODSON STARTS TO SHOOT, AND....



BLAST YOU! THERE'S ONE THING YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME BEFORE YOU DIE. WHERE ARE MORRISON AND BLIGH?

JOINED...GASP...
...JOINED...
...THE...
...CAVALRY...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, HOMBRE. I SAW IT. HE SHOT FIRST.

HE DIED TOO QUICKLY. HE DIDN'T SUFFER.



AROUND NOON, ABOUT TWO WEEKS LATER, A WEST BOUND TRAIN STOPS AT A SMALL WAY STATION. JOHN VICKERS IS AMONG THE PASSENGERS.

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY. TRAIN STARTS IN TEN MINUTES.

THAT JUST ABOUT GIVES ME TIME TO GET SOME LUNCH.



INSIDE THE LUNCHROOM, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS IS ACTING UP.

THE ARMY BEAT YOU TO A SEAT, LADY— BUT I DON'T MIND SELLING YOU MY SEAT — FOR A KISS.

THE LADY'D RATHER NOT EAT, SERGEANT. HAW!



YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT. NO FILLY'S GONNA TURN UP HER NOSE AT Q'HARA.

NOT SO FAST, SERGEANT!

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE.



PICK A FIGHT WITH ME, WILL YOU? OOOF!

YOU MISSED, PARTNER — BUT I DIDN'T.



YOU ASKED FOR IT, SERGEANT.

HEY YOU! THE SERGEANT'S A FRIEND OF MINE.



YOU GOTTA LICK ME, TOO. UGH!

IF YOU INSIST, CORPORAL! IT'S A PLEASURE TO OBLIGE!

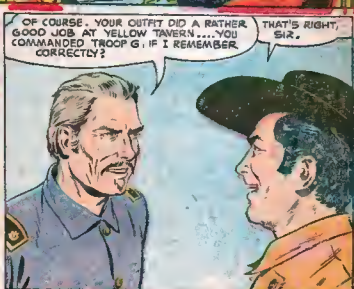
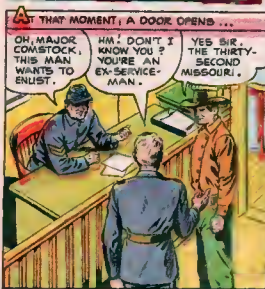
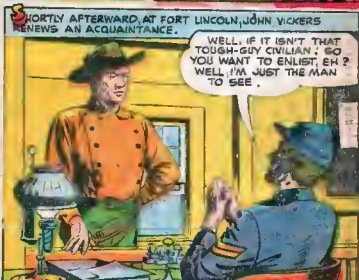


A MOMENT LATER, AS THE TRAIN IS ABOUT TO START

HERE, I HOPE THIS SANDWICH WILL MAKE UP FOR THE LUNCH YOU MISSED.

THANK YOU, MISS. ARE YOU GOING TO BISMARCK?





ALL RIGHT, WE'LL ENLIST YOU. JUST REMEMBER, VICKERS, THAT GENERAL CUSTER COMMANDS THIS REGIMENT AND THE SEVENTH IS A CRACK OUTFIT.

I'LL TRY TO LIVE UP TO IT, SIR.

AFTER HE IS SWORN IN, VICKERS FINDS HIMSELF IN COMPANY M UNDER HIS OLD FRIEND, THE CORPORAL.

WELL, ME BUCKO, HERE'S YOUR BUNK. I PICKED IT SPECIAL FOR YOU. THE LAST MAN THAT HAD IT HAD THE SEVEN-YEAR-ITCH.

HA! HA! THE CORPORAL'S A GREAT ONE FOR JOKES.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME K.P. DUTY, KEEP LAUGHING, IRISH.

WHO ME, CORPORAL? LAUGH AT A SUPERIOR? ME, WHO'S BEEN A SOLDIER IN FOUR DIFFERENT ARMIES?

PETER POTTS IS THE NAME --- LATE OF HER MAJESTY'S INDIAN RIFLES. ALSO GARIBALDI'S BRIGADE, AND THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. THEY CALL ME IRISH FOR SHORT.

SO -- YOU'RE A REBEL?

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT. I THOUGHT THE SOUTH WOULD WIN, BUT I SWITCHED OVER TO THE YANKS JUST IN TIME. AND NOW SHAKE HANDS WITH TROOPER FIORE.

HOWDY. HOPE I'M WRONG, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A ROUGH TIME IN THIS TROOP.

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, ANOTHER OLD "FRIEND" STEPS INTO THE SQUAD ROOM -- SERGEANT O'HARA.

WELL, WELL, PRIVATE. I SEE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NICE, NEW UNIFORM. GOOD, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU DOWN AT THE STABLES.

FIORE, I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT.



LATE THAT NIGHT, A GRIZZLED VETERAN MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE STABLES STOPS IN SURPRISE.

HEY, A LITTLE LATE FOR CLEANING STALLS, AIN'T IT, SOLDIER?

ONLY A FEW MORE TO GO. I'M A NEW RECRUIT, AND SERGEANT O'HARA'S BREAKING ME IN PROPERLY.

I'VE BEEN A CAVALRYMAN SINCE FORTY-NINE, BUT THAT O'HARA IS THE MEANEST NON COM I EVER SAW.

YOU'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY FOR QUITE A SPELL. MUST HAVE KNOWN A LOT OF TROOPERS. EVER HEAR OF TWO HOMBRES NAMED BUGH AND MORRISON?



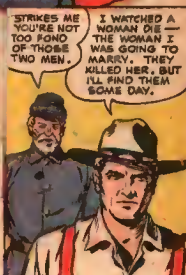
CAN'T SAY, AS I HAVE. ARE THEY IN THE SEVENTH?

I'M NOT SURE. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY'RE IN THE CAVALRY.



THEN THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE... FORT RILEY, LEAVENWORTH, LARAMIE--MAYBE THEY EVEN CHANGED THEIR NAMES!

YEAH! THEY COULD HAVE, AND PROBABLY DID.



STRIKES ME YOU'RE NOT TOO FOND OF THOSE TWO MEN.

I WATCHED A WOMAN DIE--THE WOMAN I WAS GOING TO MARRY. THEY KILLED HER, BUT I'LL FIND THEM SOME DAY.



THE NEXT MORNING, O'HARA CONTINUES TO HOUND THE NEW RECRUIT.

PRIVATE VICKERS, YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO K.P. DIDN'T YOU SEE YOUR NAME ON THE BULLETIN BOARD LAST NIGHT?

HOW COULD I? IT WAS DARK WHEN I GOT THROUGH AT THE STABLE.



IT'S YOUR BUSINESS TO LOOK AT THE BULLETIN BOARD EVERY EVENING WHEN YOU TURN IN. NOW GET OUT TO THE KITCHEN--ON THE DOUBLE!

THAT AFTERNOON, VICKERS ENTERS THE SUTLER'S STORE!

HELLO, THERE! FROM THOSE DUNGAREES YOU'RE WEARING, I'D SAY YOU WERE DOING K.P. THIS MORNING.

K.P. TODAY, STABLE DUTY LAST NIGHT, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT TOMORROW. I WOUND UP IN TROOP M. O'HARA IS MY SERGEANT.

DAD, THIS IS JOHN VICKERS -- THE MAN I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT. HE'S THE ONE WHO FOUGHT THAT SERGEANT YESTERDAY.

SO YOU TANGLED WITH O'HARA, EH? WELL, HE'S A GOOD MAN AS A RULE, A BIT HASTY WITH HIS FISTS, BUT ONE OF THE BEST SOLDIERS IN THE REGIMENT.

DAD, ARE YOU DEFENDING THAT BULLY?

AND WHY NOT? I'VE KNOWN O'HARA EVER SINCE I CAME TO THIS POST. HE PAYS HIS BILLS, WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR MOST SOLDIERS.

I HOPE DAD'S NOT AS GRUFF AS HE PRETENDS TO BE. I REALLY DON'T KNOW HIM VERY WELL. SINCE MOTHER DIED FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH AN AUNT IN THE EAST.

MY AUNT PASSED AWAY A MONTH AGO -- AND SO HERE I AM.

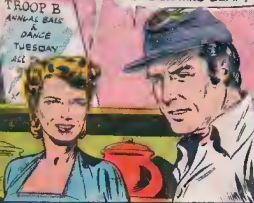
I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE THE ARMY LIFE.



I'M SURE I WILL. THEY TELL ME THERE'S A DANCE ALMOST EVERY WEEK. THERE'S ONE TONIGHT, YOU KNOW. ARE YOU COMING?

I'M AFRAID NOT. SERGEANT O'HARA PROBABLY HAS OTHER PLANS FOR ME. ER-- COULD I HAVE SOME SHAVING SOAP?

TROOP B
ANNUAL BALL
&
DANCE
TUESDAY
ALL



BUT THAT EVENING, VICKERS IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF A FREE MAN.

LOOK, BOYS, YOU'RE SURE O'HARA WASN'T LOOKING FOR ME? I'M CERTAIN THERE ARE STILL A FEW LITTLE THINGS I COULD DO FOR HIM.

NOT TONIGHT. HE'S GOT NO TIME FOR YOU, RECRUIT. THERE'S TWENTY GIRLS COMING OUT FROM BISMARCK FOR THE DANCE.



AS VICKERS ENTERS THE HALL....



O'HARA, DANCING WITH MOLLY! NO BETTER LOOK INTO THIS.

MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THE NEXT DANCE, MISS GUADE?

WHY, SERGEANT O'HARA JUST ASKED FOR IT, BUT SINCE HE HAD THE LAST ONE, I'M SURE HE WON'T MIND.



CUTTING ME OUT, EH, VICKERS? YOU'LL REGRET THIS. IF YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD TROUBLE BEFORE, WAIT TILL I--

EXCUSE ME, SERGEANT. THE MUSIC HAS STARTED.



SO YOU MADE FRIENDS WITH HIM?

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT O'HARA. THIS IS MY FIRST ARMY DANCE AND I WANT TO ENJOY IT.



I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU. YOU HAVE A CERTAIN SURENESS THAT DISTINGUISHES YOU FROM THE OTHER ENLISTED MEN. YOU WERE AN OFFICER BEFORE, WEREN'T YOU?

YES, IN THE...



JUST THEN.....

DOES THAT MEAN A NIGHT DRILL?

ATTENTION! MEN OF TROOP M! REPORT TO YOUR BARRACKS IMMEDIATELY.

HARDLY. WELL, GOODBYE—IF I DON'T SEE YOU FOR A WHILE.



BACK IN THE BARRACKS. THE MEN ARE ORDERED OUT ON PATROL!..

ANY CHANCE OF ACTION?

THERE'S ALWAYS THAT CHANCE. THE SIOUX SAY THE WHITE MAN CAN'T GO INTO THE BLACK HILLS, BUT WITH ALL THAT GOLD UP THERE, YOU TRY TO KEEP THEM OUT.



JUST ONE THING BEFORE WE GO, IF WHAT I HEARD IS TRUE— THAT YOU LICKED O'HARA— YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOURSELF WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS.

THANKS, FLORE, I'LL REMEMBER.

AS THE COMPANY HEADS OUT OF THE FORT, THE SERGEANT PULLS UP BESIDE THE NEW RECRUIT.

VICKERS, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO BREAK YOU. I HEARD YOU WERE AN OFFICER ONCE, AND THE WAY I FIGURE, A GENTLEMAN CAN TAKE JUST SO MUCH.

I CAN TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN DISH OUT O'HARA.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I CAN DISH OUT, VICKERS. THE SEVENTH CAVALRY ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US.

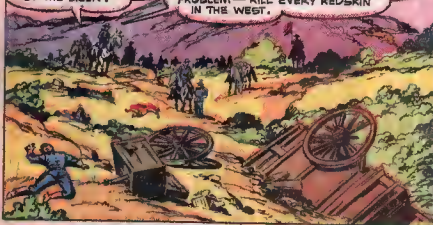


AT DAWN, THE COLUMN SEES THE FIRST SIGN OF INDIANS.

A WAGON TRAIN. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN JUMPED BY THE SIOUX.

THE DIRTY DEVILS. I SAY THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS INDIAN PROBLEM— KILL EVERY REDSKIN IN THE WEST.

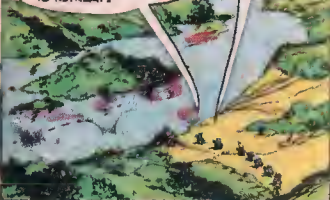
ALL RIGHT, MEN! OUR ORDERS ARE TO FOLLOW THAT SIOUX PARTY AND ROUND THEM UP. LET'S GO!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AT A RIVER CROSSING, A SCOUT REPORTS.

A FEW SIOUX ON THAT ISLAND, CAPTAIN GREGSON, BUT WHEN THEY SAW US THEY BEGAN TO RETREAT.

THEY MAY BE TRYING TO LEAD US INTO A TRAP.



WELL, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US TO HANG AROUND. LET'S HEAD FOR THAT ISLAND! AT LEAST THERE'S SOME SHELTER THERE.



BUT SUDDENLY, A SWARM OF INDIANS APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. THE TROOP TAKES COVER ON THE NEARBY ISLAND.

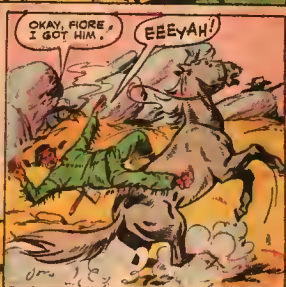


HERE THEY COME! DISMOUNT AND FIRE AT WILL!



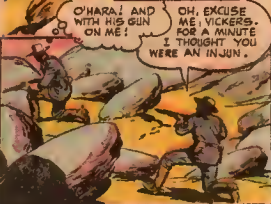
WE'RE SLAUGHTERING THEM, BUT THEY'RE STILL COMING!

WATCH IT, VICKERS! THAT BIG HOMBRE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR YOU.



OKAY, FLORE, I GOT HIM.

EEEEYAH!



SUDDENLY, VICKERS WHIPS AROUND INTUITIVELY.

O'HARA! AND WITH HIS GUN ON ME!

OH, EXCUSE ME, VICKERS. FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN INJUN.



THAT SNEAKING BUZZARD! I OUGHT TO...

EASY, VICKERS. SAVE YOUR LEAD FOR THE REDSKINS.

WELL, LOOKS LIKE THEY BACKED OFF FOR THE TIME BEING. DO YOU THINK THEY'LL TRY IT AGAIN?

NOT FOR A WHILE. THEY KNOW THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN --- AND CAN TAKE THEIR TIME.



MEANWHILE, THE OFFICERS ARE CONFERRING.

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO FIGHT IT OUT, SIR. MORE THAN HALF OF OUR MEN ARE WOUNDED.

K TROOP WAS MOVING OUT ON PATROL TODAY, BUT THEY WON'T COME WITHIN THIRTY MILES OF THIS PLACE, O'HARA!



IT'S FIFTY MILES TO THE FORT, SIR. A GOOD MAN COULD MAKE IT IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

PERHAPS AFTER DARK. A MAN COULD SLIP DOWN-STREAM TO AVOID DETECTION, AND THEN CUT ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.... IT'LL BE A LONG CHANCE.



THAT NIGHT, O'HARA SEARCHES OUT THE NEW RECRUIT AGAIN.

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE SERGEANT! A LOT OF BRAVE MEN DIED TODAY, BUT I DON'T SEE A SCRATCH ON YOU!

YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD YOURSELF, IRISH --- BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR WHAT I'VE GOT IN MIND.



I WANT A BETTER MAN --- FOR A CERTAIN SPECIAL MISSION I'VE GOT IN MIND. SOMETHING REALLY TOUGH. HOW ABOUT IT, "CAPTAIN" VICKERS?

YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A VOLUNTEER, O'HARA. LET'S GO.



THE TWO MEN REPORT TO CAPTAIN GREGSON.

BUT YOU'RE THE NEW RECRUIT. THIS JOB REQUIRES A MORE EXPERIENCED SOLDIER.

HE HAD FOUR YEARS WITH THE THIRTY-SECOND MISSOURI, SIR. --- UNDER GENERAL CUSTER HIMSELF. HE WAS A CAPTAIN NO LESS.



ALL RIGHT, YOU'LL DO. HERE'S THE PLAN. O'HARA GOES TO INTERCEPT K TROOP SOMEWHERE TO THE SOUTH. YOU'LL HEAD FOR THE FORT. YOU'LL TAKE REVOLVERS AND...



LATE THAT NIGHT, FAR BELOW THE BESIEGED ISLAND, TWO SHADOWS SLIP OUT OF THE RIVER.

ALL RIGHT, VICKERS - THERE'S YOUR DIRECTION. BUT DON'T GET THE IDEA THIS ENDS OUR LITTLE FIGHT. I'M MERELY POSTPONING IT.

LOOK ME UP WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, O'HARA.



AS VICKERS MOVES INLAND, SUDDENLY--

BANG!

IT'S O'HARA! THE DIRTY BUSHWHACKING POLECAT!

BANG!



I'D SETTLE WITH HIM NOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL, BUT MY MISSION COMES FIRST.

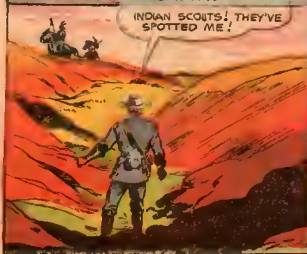


MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED. I WANT TO BE AS FAR ALONG MY WAY AS POSSIBLE BY DAWN.



BUT INDIAN SCOUTS ARE SCOURING THE PLAIN, AND AS THE SUN COMES UP....

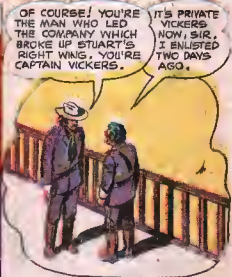
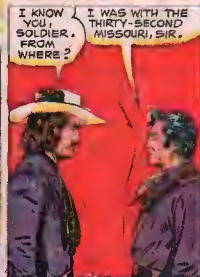
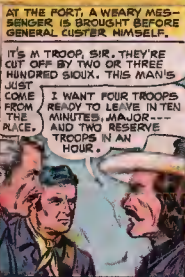
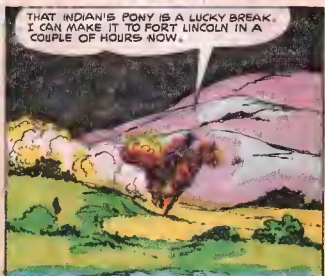
INDIAN SCOUTS! THEY'VE SPOTTED ME!



I'D BETTER GET THE ONE WITH THE RIFLE FIRST.

AAAIEEE!





YOU CAME IN AS A PRIVATE? WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT. NO TIME TO DISCUSS IT NOW....ARE YOU UP TO RIDING WITH ME?

OF COURSE, SIR.



QUITE A COME-DOWN FOR ME, VICKERS — FIGHTING THESE SAVAGES AFTER FACING MEN LIKE STUART AND LEE. BUT I'VE GOT TO REMIND THOSE REDSKINS OF THE LESSON I GAVE THEM ON THE WASHITA.



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE RELIEF PARTY ARRIVES AT THE ISLAND... TO FIND THE INDIANS GONE.

A NOBLE STAND, CAPTAIN. I SHALL COMMEND YOU FOR IT. TOO BAD THEY FLED BEFORE WE CAME UP.

WE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF THEM, SIR. IF THEY MADE ONE MORE CHARGE..



THEY'LL REGRET THIS, CAPTAIN. I PROMISE YOU WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THOSE REDSKIN BEASTS, THEY'LL NEVER FORGET THE NAME OF CUSTER!



BACK AT THE FORT THE NEXT DAY, VICKERS RECEIVES AN URGENT MESSAGE.

VICKERS, CAPTAIN GREGSON REQUESTS YOU REPORT TO HIM AT THE HOSPITAL AT ONCE.

THANKS, CORPORAL. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.



HEY, WHAT'S THE CAPTAIN WANT WITH YOU? YOU BEEN COMPLAINING TO HIM?

ABOUT WHAT? THAT YOU TRIED TO KILL ME AFTER WE LEFT THE ISLAND?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I HEARD THAT SHOOTING! IT WAS AN INDIAN.

AN INDIAN WITH AN ARMY SIX-SHOOTER?



IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT—O'HARA? AREN'T YOU BEARING A GRUDGE A LITTLE TOO LONG?

I'D SAY IT WAS HOLDING THE GRUDGE—AND I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER ABOUT IT.



GENERAL CUSTER WAS HERE AN HOUR AGO, AND HE ASKED ME WHAT SORT OF AN OUTFIT M TROOP WAS THAT COULD KEEP A MAN WITH YOUR RECORD A PRIVATE.

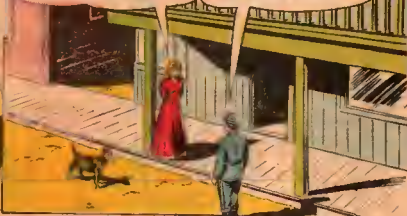
I SEE, SIR, WELL, IF IT'S AN ORDER...



AS VICKERS PASSES THE SUTLER'S SHOP ON HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL—

OH, YOU'RE BACK, JOHN. I WAS SO WORRIED. WHEN WE HEARD HOW MANY MEN HAD BEEN...

YES, MOLLY. SOME GOOD MEN STAYED THERE—BUT O'HARA CAME BACK.



AT CAPTAIN GREGGSON'S BEDSIDE, THE NEW RECRUIT RECEIVES STARTLING NEWS.

VICKERS, AS OF TODAY, YOU'RE THE FIRST SERGEANT OF M TROOP—REPLACING SERGEANT PARKER WHO WAS KILLED ON THE ISLAND.

I--I APPRECIATE THE HONOR, CAPTAIN, BUT I'M NOT SURE I WANT THE RANK.



SERGEANT, YOU'RE A SOLDIER IN THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY! NO MAN IN THE SEVENTH REFUSES TO OBEY AN ORDER—AND THIS ONE COMES FROM THE TOP!

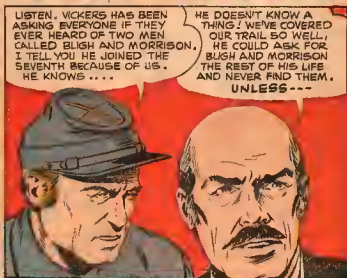


SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN THE ORDERLY ROOM OF M TROOP...

ALL RIGHT, O'HARA! TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THAT DESK, AND THEN GET OUT OF THIS ROOM AND STAY OUT!

HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY, VICKERS?





LISTEN, SUPPOSE I HEAD OUT INTO THE HILLS? HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU. HE CAN ONLY SUSPECT BECAUSE WE'RE FRIENDS. BESIDES, HE'S IN LOVE WITH YOUR DAUGHTER AND...

THAT WOULDN'T STOP HIM. HE'S LIVED WITH HIS HATE TOO LONG.



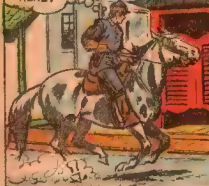
ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD—GET OUT. HEAD WEST THROUGH THE INDIAN COUNTRY. GO TO MILES CITY. I'LL SELL THIS PLACE AND MEET YOU THERE.

ALL RIGHT, THEN. I'LL SEE YOU IN MILES CITY.



THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE NEW FIRST SERGEANT RIDES INTO BISMARCK.

MAYBE I CAN GET A LEAD ON BLIGH AND MORRISON IN HERE.



ONE OF YOUR BUDDIES CAME IN HERE YESTERDAY. HAD FIVE DRINKS AND BROKE THAT MIRROR.

MAYBE IT WAS THAT ROT-GUT WHISKEY YOU SOLD HIM THAT DID IT.



THE WAY YOU SOLDIERS ACT, IT'S NO WONDER YOUR SUTLER'S SELLING OUT AND HEADING FOR THE BLACK HILLS.

QUADE HEADING FOR THE HILLS? HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND! THE SIOUX ARE READY TO START A WAR ANY DAY.



ANOTHER INDIAN WAR! BAH! A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS GANGS UP ON THREE INDIANS AND IT'S AN INDIAN WAR!

I TAKE IT YOU DON'T LIKE SOLDIERS, MISTER. WELL, HERE IS ONE SOLDIER THAT DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF YOU EITHER.



WHY YOU---! I'LL OPEN YOUR HEAD WITH THIS BUNG-STARTER.





YOU TALK
A GOOD FIGHT.
WINTER.

OKAY, SOLDIER.
YOU'VE GOT
A DATE WITH
THE JUDGE.

ALL RIGHT,
MARSHAL.
IT WAS SURE
WORTH IT.

IN JAIL, VICKERS TALKS WITH HIS
CELL MATE, A GARRULOUS
OLD-TIMER.

SAY, I THOUGHT
THE LAW
COULDN'T
ARREST
SOLDIERS.

THAT'S WHAT I
THOUGHT, TOO
-TILL NOW.

I REMEMBER MY OLD
PAL, HERB WOODSON
-HE WAS GONNA JOIN
THE ARMY BECAUSE
THE LAW WAS AFTER
HIM AND...

DID YOU
KNOW
HERB
WOODSON?

WHY SURE. POOR HERB, THEY
KILLED HIM BACK IN NEBRASKA.
BUT BEFORE THAT WE BUMMED
AROUND FOR YEARS. SAY, ARE
YOU THAT OLD PAL OF HIS THAT
ENLISTED IN THE ARMY?

I WAS NO FRIEND OF
WOODSON'S. I'M THE MAN
WHO KILLED HIM.

TALK, HOMBRE. TELL ME
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW
ABOUT WOODSON--OR
SO HELP ME...

Y-YOU MUST BE THE GUY
WHO FOLLOWED HERB
ALL THOSE YEARS.
SURE--SURE, I'LL TELL
YA!

HERBIE WAS ALWAYS RUNNING AWAY FROM
YOU. HE SAID YOU WERE A DEVIL--THAT YOU
WANTED TO KILL HIM FOR SOMETHING HE DIDN'T
DO---HE SAYS IT WAS THE OTHER FELLOWS.

WHO WERE THEY?
DID HE NAME THEM?
WAB. IT BLIGH AND
MORRISON?

THAT'S THEM — BLIGH
AND MORRISON! SAY,
YOU SURE MUST HATE
THOSE HOMBRES TO BE
CHASING THEM SO LONG.



NINE YEARS AGO THOSE THREE ROBBED A BANK
BACK IN MISSOURI — AND IN THE SHOOTING THEY
HIT A GIRL — HELEN ALDERTON. I WAS SUPPOSED TO
MARRY HER THE NEXT DAY. I WAS IN THE OFFICE
ACROSS THE STREET WHEN SHE WAS HIT. I SPOTTED
WOODSON AS HE RACED BY, BUT THE OTHER TWO
WERE GOING TOO FAST FOR ME TO SEE THEM.
I HAD TO GO BY DESCRIPTION.



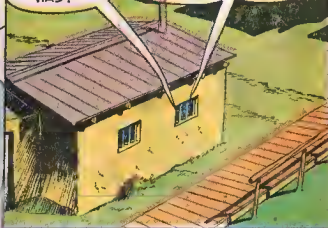
I GOT WOODSON, AND
I'LL GET THE OTHERS IF
IT TAKES A LIFETIME. NOW
TELL ME ABOUT THIS
FRIEND OF WOODSON'S
WHO ENLISTED IN THE
ARMY.

WELL, SEVERAL YEARS
AGO WHEN ME AND
HERBIE HIT ST. LOUIS,
HERBIE TOLD ME HE'D
RUN INTO AN OLD PAL
WHO'D JOINED UP AND
WAS A SERGEANT.



THIS SERGEANT, DID
WOODSON SAY
WHAT HIS NAME
WAS?

IT WAS SOME KINDA IRISH
NAME, LIKE O'BRIEN OR —
IT WAS O' SOMETHING!



AN INSTANT LATER, VICKERS IS
TEARING AT THE CELL BARS.

MARSHAL,
YOU'VE GOT
TO LET ME
OUT OF
HERE! I'VE
GOT TO
GET BACK
TO THE
FORT!

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU,
FRIEND, I DON'T LIKE TO
KEEP A SOLDIER IN THE
CALABOOSE, SO IF YOU'LL
PAY UP FOR THE PRICE OF
THAT BOTTLE YOU
BROKE...



ALL RIGHT, HERE'S
YOUR MONEY,
MARSHAL.

SOLDIER, YOU'RE A
FREE MAN.



BUT WHEN VICKERS ARRIVES AT THE FORT, O'HARA IS GONE!

THAT COYOTE DESERTED LAST NIGHT. AND TOOK NINETY-THREE DOLLARS OF THE MONEY I KEPT IN MY LOCKER.

DESERTED?! I THINK I KNOW AN HOMBRE WHO COULD GIVE ME A LINE ON HIM.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, VICKERS RUSHES TO THE BUTLER'S SHOP.

WHERE'S YOUR FATHER? I WANT TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT O'HARA!

O'HARA? ARE YOU STILL HARPING ON THAT SUBJECT? DAD'S IN THE KITCHEN.



MR. GUADE, I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT O'HARA. I UNDERSTAND YOU WERE HIS FRIEND.

I'M THE FRIEND OF HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS. I GIVE THEM CREDIT, SELL THEM BEER, AND LISTEN TO THEIR TROUBLES.



I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT BETWEEN YOU TWO... LISTEN, GUADE. O'HARA DESERTED LAST NIGHT - DESERTED BECAUSE I FOUND OUT HE WAS A THIEF AND A MURDERER.

GET OUT OF HERE! I WON'T HAVE ANYONE TALKING LIKE THAT ABOUT A FRIEND OF MINE... NOT IN MY HOUSE.



GUADE, I'VE HEARD YOU'RE PULLING OUT OF HERE. YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SEEING O'HARA AGAIN. IF YOU DO, TELL HIM THAT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM - AND THAT THIS TIME I KNOW WHO HE IS.



BACK IN THE ORDERLY ROOM, CAPTAIN GREGGSON IS WAITING FOR VICKERS.

THERE YOU ARE, SERGEANT. HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT O'HARA'S DESERTION?

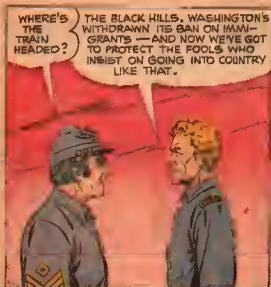
I WAS JUST OUT AT THE BUTLER'S PLACE ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT HIM. HE TOOK MONEY BELONGING TO ONE OF MY MEN.



THAT'S BAD, BAD. BUT WE CAN'T WORRY ABOUT O'HARA NOW. I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU THAT WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO SUPPLY AN ESCORT FOR A WAGON TRAIN, AND THAT YOU'LL BE IN COMMAND.

VERY WELL, SIR.





WHERE'S THE TRAIN HEADED?

THE BLACK HILLS. WASHINGTON'S WITHDRAWN ITS BAN ON INDIANS — AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE FOOLS WHO INSIST ON GOING INTO COUNTRY LIKE THAT.



DAWN FINDS THE ESCORT ENCAMPTED NEAR THE WAGON TRAIN, JUST OUTSIDE OF BISMARK.

SERGEANT, I'M KELSO — CAPTAIN OF THE WAGON TRAIN. WE'RE READY TO PULL OUT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS ARE TAKING YOUR TIME.

WELL, WE DIDN'T RIDE IN FROM THE FORT UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT. THERE WAS NO POINT IN ROUSING THE MEN AT FOUR IN THE MORNING.



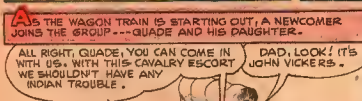
WE'RE ONLY FIVE MILES FROM BISMARK AND THERE'S NO DANGER TO YOU. YOU START OUT AND WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU IN LESS THAN A MILE!

LISTEN! YOUR JOB IS TO PROTECT THIS WAGON TRAIN. BUT IF YOU'RE FIGURING ON HAVING BREAKFAST IN BED EVERY MORNING ...



KELSO, LET'S HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING. YOU'RE CAPTAIN OF THE WAGON TRAIN, BUT I'M IN COMMAND OF THESE TROOPERS. I'LL GIVE THEM THEIR ORDERS.

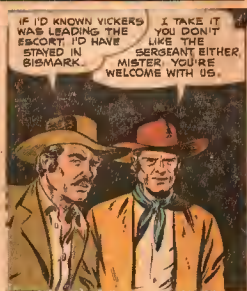
FOR A SERGEANT YOU SOUND MIGHTY IMPORTANT, MISTER.



AS THE WAGON TRAIN IS STARTING OUT, A NEWCOMER JOINS THE GROUP --- QUADE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

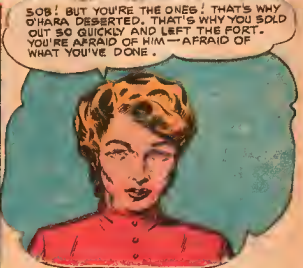
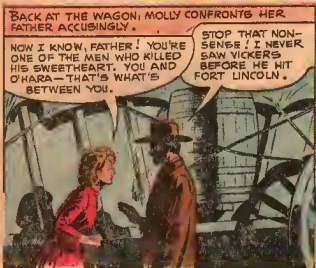
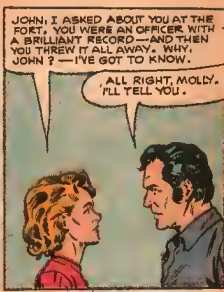
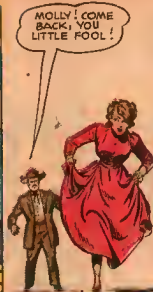
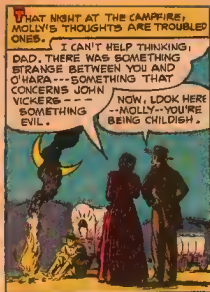
ALL RIGHT, QUADE, YOU CAN COME IN WITH US. WITH THIS CAVALRY ESCORT WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY INDIAN TROUBLE.

DAD, LOOK! IT'S JOHN VICKERS.



IF I'D KNOWN VICKERS WAS LEADING THE ESCORT, I'D HAVE STAYED IN BISMARK.

I TAKE IT YOU DON'T LIKE THE SERGEANT EITHER, MISTER. YOU'RE WELCOME WITH US.



LATE THE NEXT MORNING, A MILITARY COURIER OVERTAKES THE WAGON.

YES, SIR.

CUSTER'S TAKING THE SEVENTH OUT AFTER THEM INJUNS AND GENERAL TERRY'S COMING DOWN FROM MONTANA TO HELP. I'M CARRYING MESSAGES TO TERRY NOW.



BUT CUSTER'LL HAVE THE SIOUX LICKED BY THE TIME TERRY GETS HERE. HELL TEACH THEM THE SAME LESSON HE TAUGHT THEM AT WASHITA!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. THERE ARE A LOT OF INDIANS IN THOSE HILLS.



WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT, SARGE? THE SEVENTH CAN LICK ALL THE INJUNS IN THE COUNTRY! WELL, SO LONG! GOT TO MAKE A FEW MORE MILES.



THAT AFTERNOON, AS THE WAGON TRAIN SPOTS A SMALL INDIAN VILLAGE, KELSO STARES AHEAD MENACINGLY.

LOOKS LIKE THE MEN ARE GONE. WE'RE PRACTICALLY AT WAR WITH THE REDSKINS ANYWAY, I SAY BURN IT AND KILL EVERYONE DOWN THERE.

THAT VILLAGE HAS ONLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN IT. WE'LL RIDE THROUGH, AND LEAVE IT ALONE. TO CIRCLE AROUND THIS VALLEY WOULD MEAN ANOTHER DAY.



BUT AS THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES THROUGH THE VILLAGE, A SMALL BOY RUNS OUT AND...

WHITE MEN NOT RIDE THROUGH OUR VILLAGE.

WHY, YOU LITTLE RED DEVIL!



AAIEEE! THEY SHOOT MY LITTLE ONE!

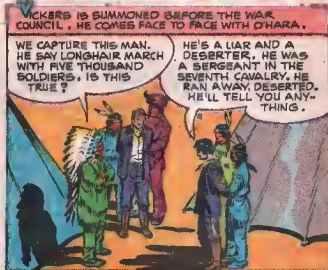
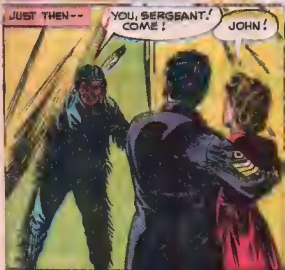
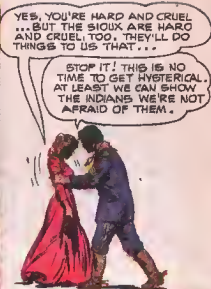
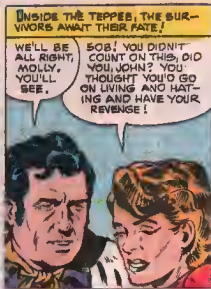


KELSO! DON'T!

SHE'S ONLY A SQUAW — BUT AN INDIAN JUST THE SAME!







TAKE HIM BACK TO TENT—
AND THIS OTHER ONE, TOO.
WE TAKE CARE OF THEM
LATER.



BACK IN THE TEPPEE, VICKERS
AND O'HARA FACE EACH
OTHER ONCE AGAIN.

YOU RENEGADE! WHAT ELSE
DID YOU TELL THEM ABOUT
THE ARMY?

RELAX! THEY
KNEW CUSTER WAS COM-
ING. THEY KEPT ASKING
ME HOW MANY MEN HE
HAD. I
SAID
5,000 TO
SCARE THEM
OFF!

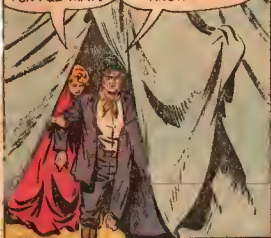


ALL RIGHT THEN. WE'LL TAKE UP SOME
OLD BUSINESS. SOMETHING I'VE BEEN
WAITING TO SETTLE FOR NINE YEARS.
YOU'RE MORRISON—AND QUADE IS
BILLY BLIGH!



JOHN, PLEASE!
IT'S TOO LATE
FOR ALL THAT.

DON'T STOP ME,
MOLLY. I'VE GOT TO
KNOW.



THEN KNOW IT, VICKERS! YES, I'M MORRISON, THE MAN
YOU HOUNDED FOR NINE YEARS--AND HE'S BLIGH.
WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO YOU TO KNOW? WE'LL ALL BE
DEAD BEFORE MORNING.



YOU KILLED HELEN
ALDERTON, THE
GIRL I WAS TO MARRY!
YOU SHOT HER, CRIPPLED
HER! SHE SUFFERED
FOR SEVEN MONTHS
BEFORE SHE DIED.

LOOK, VICKERS. I
DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW HER. SHE
JUST GOT IN THE
WAY OF A BULLET.
IT WAS AN ACCI-
DENT.



JUST THEN A GREAT SHOUT ECHOES THROUGH THE
CAMP AND...

IT'S A WAR
PARTY--WITH NEWS OF
CUSTER. HE'S NEAR AND
HE'S GOT THE SEVENTH
WITH HIM!

COUNTING OUT THE
GARRISON AT FORT
LINCOLN AND THE MEN
WITH THE BAGGAGE
TRAIN, THE SEVENTH
COULDN'T MUSTER MORE
THAN SEVEN HUNDRED
MEN.



THERE ARE THREE THOUSAND SIOUX RIGHT HERE, AND COMING DOWN THE LITTLE BIG HORN I SPOTTED ANOTHER CAMP WITH FOUR THOUSAND LODGES.

THAT'S ELEVEN THOUSAND WARRIORS. MIGHTY BAD BUSINESS IF THEY GET CUSTER BETWEEN THEM. BUT HE'S TOO SMART FOR THAT!

CUSTER'S FOOLHARDY. I KNOW. I SERVED UNDER HIM BEFORE. HE'S GOT TO BE WARNED. O'HARA, WHERE'S THAT CAMP ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN?

THIRTY MILES NORTH-WEST OF HERE, NOT THAT IT'LL DO YOU ANY GOOD. IT'S GETTING DARK, AND THEY'LL PROBABLY KILL US OFF SOON.

LISTEN, WHEN THEY SEARCHED ME, THEY DIDN'T FIND THIS GUN. WE COULD DRAW LOTS FOR IT.

A DOUBLE-BARRELED DERRINGER... THAT'S TWO BULLETS.

WAIT, I'VE BEEN THINKING. THEY KEEP THE HORSES OUT BACK OF HERE WITH ONLY A BUNCH OF KIDS AS GUARDS. IF WE COULD CREATE A DIVERSION... GIVE ME BACK THAT GUN, POTTS. I'LL WALK OUT THERE DURING THE POW-WOW AND CREATE ENOUGH DISTURBANCE WITH THOSE TWO SHOTS TO COVER YOU IN A RUSH FOR THOSE HORSES.

YEAH. IT MIGHT WORK, NOW IT'S GETTING DARK. BUT WE'LL DRAW LOTS TO SEE WHO DOES IT.

JUST THEN THE INDIANS ENTER THE TEPPEE AND DRAG OUT KELSO!

YOU! YOU KILL SQUAW AND BOY, YOU COME FIRST!

NO! NO!

THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE HIM RUN THAT GAUNTLET.

HE'S GOT TO RUN BETWEEN THOSE TWO RANKS WHILE THEY TRY TO CUT HIM DOWN WITH CLUBS AND TOMAHAWKS.

HE MAY GET TEN FEET - MAYBE FIFTY, IF HE'S FAST. NO MORE.

AS KELSO'S DYING SCREAM IS HEARD, O'HARA MOVES SWIFTLY.

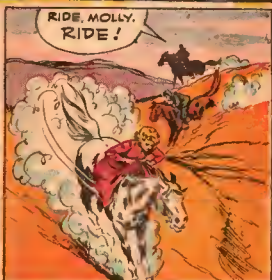
GIVE ME THAT GUN! THE DIVERSION IS OUR ONLY CHANCE.

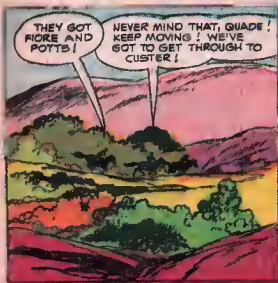
ALL RIGHT, REDSKINS! I'M NEXT!

YOU BRAVE MAN—COME!

HE'S CHEATED ME. I FOLLOWED HIM FOR ALL THESE YEARS, AND NOW SOME-ONE ELSE IS GOING TO KILL HIM.

IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF NOW — WHEN O'HARA'S GIVING HIS LIFE FOR YOU? JOHN, YOU'RE INHUMAN.





THEY GOT
FIORE AND
POTTS!

NEVER MIND THAT, GUADE!
KEEP MOVING! WE'VE
GOT TO GET THROUGH TO
CUSTER!

HOURS LATER, EXHAUSTION FORCES THE THREE
SURVIVORS TO A HALT.

WE'VE COME AT LEAST THIRTY
MILES. THERE'S NO POINT GOING
FURTHER IN THE DARK. WE MIGHT
MISS CUSTER THAT WAY.

YOU TWO TRY TO
GET SOME
SLEEP. I'LL WATCH
THE HORSES.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME,
VICKERS. IF THERE'S A
SCORE TO SETTLE, WE CAN
DO IT AFTER THIS IS OVER.
O'HARA TOOK CARE OF HIS
AND...

ALL RIGHT, GUADE!
WAKE ME IN AN HOUR
AND I'LL TAKE OVER.



BUT AS DAWN BREAKS--

JOHN,
WHERE
IS
FATHER?

I--I DON'T KNOW.
HE'S GONE. HE
HOBBLER OUR
PONIES AND LEFT
THEM WHILE WE
WERE ASLEEP.



HE WAS AFRAID OF YOU, AFRAID OF
YOUR VENGEANCE. BUT DON'T WORRY.
I KNOW SOME DAY HE'LL FIND THE
COURAGE TO PAY FOR WHATEVER
WRONG HE'S DONE-- JUST AS
O'HARA DID.

MOLLY, I--



AT THAT MOMENT---

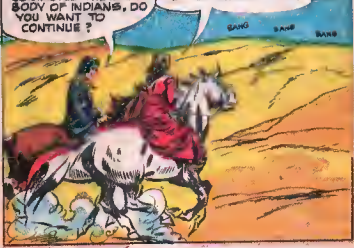
LOOK--A DUST
CLOUD!

IT'S MOVING TO
THE SOUTHWEST.
IT COULD BE
CUSTER, WE'LL TRY
TO HEAD THEM OFF!



THAT'S GUNFIRE,
THEY MAY HAVE
CONTACTED THE MAIN
BODY OF INDIANS, DO
YOU WANT TO
CONTINUE?

OF COURSE, WE'VE GOT
TO WARN THEM ABOUT THE
OTHER INDIAN CAMP.



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE, VICKERS MEETS CAPTAIN GREGGSON AND AN EMBATTLED TROOP.

SERGEANT VICKERS REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR. THERE ARE FOUR THOUSAND INDIAN LODGES AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

THEN IT'S TRUE! SAM GUADE RODE IN A HALF-HOUR AGO TO WARN US.



GUADE IS HERE?

NO. CUSTER HAS SPLIT THE COLUMN. HE LEFT MAJOR RENO IN COMMAND HERE, AND HEADED TOWARD THE LITTLE BIG HORN. GUADE HAS GONE AFTER HIM TO WARN HIM.



JUST THEN, MAJOR RENO RIDES UP.

MAJOR, THIS MAN JUST RODE IN TO VERIFY SAM GUADE'S STORY ABOUT THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

THEN IT'S ALL UP WITH CUSTER.



WE COULD CUT THROUGH TO JOIN HIM.

WE HAVE OUR HANDS FULL HERE. THERE ARE MORE INDIANS THAN WE REALIZED.

BUGLER, SOUND A RETREAT.



VICKERS, LIEUTENANT BROWN FELL A FEW MINUTES AGO. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.



ON THE DOUBLE, LIEUTENANT!

JOHN, WAIT. TAKE ME WITH YOU.



SLOWLY, THE COLUMN BEGINS TO RETREAT BEYOND THE NATURAL BARRIER OF A RIVER! THERE THEY STAND IN A DESPERATE REAR-GUARD ACTION. BUT AT LAST --

IT'S OVER, VICKERS. THAT DUST CLOUD TO THE NORTHWEST MUST BE GENERAL TERRY'S COLUMN FROM MONTANA.

I GUESS WE'VE LUCKED THEM. THERE HASN'T BEEN A SHOT FIRED IN AN HOUR.



BUT WHAT ABOUT CUSTER, SIR? YOU DON'T THINK THE GENERAL'S ...

YES, VICKERS. I'M AFRAID I DO. WE'VE BEEN PINNED IN HERE SINCE YESTERDAY, AND OUTSIDE OF OUR OWN FIRING THERE'S BEEN NO OTHER SHOOTING. HE WAS ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY. HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE.



LOOKS LIKE WE START ALL OVER AGAIN WITH M TROOP, VICKERS. I'M THE ONLY OFFICER LEFT.

I'VE BEEN THINKING, CAPTAIN. IF POSSIBLE, I'D LIKE TO TAKE THE EXAMINATIONS FOR A LIEUTENANCY.



AS FAR AS THAT'S CONCERNED, YOU'VE ALREADY PASSED THE EXAMINATION. OH, THERE'LL BE SOME FORMALITIES, BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE THING YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.

W-WHAT'S THAT?



THE GIRL, LIEUTENANT. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET MARRIED; OTHERWISE SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY ON AT THE FORT.



WELL, MOLLY?

OH YES, JOHN.

